Cap. I cannot draw a Cart, nor eate dryed oates,
If it be mans worke, Ile doo't.

Enter the Duke, the two Ladies, and others.

Alb. Sir you haue shewne to day your valiant straine,
And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues
That were the opposites of this dayes strife:
We do require them of you so to vse them,
As we shall finde their merits, and our safety
May equally determine.
Bast. Sir I thought it fit,
To send the olde and miserable King
To some retention, and appointed guard,
Whose age has charmes in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common bosses of his side,
And turne our impresst Launces in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queene:
My reason all the same, and they are ready to morrow,
Or at a further space, to appeare where you shall hold
Your Session at this time: we sweate and bleed,
The friend hath lost his friend, and the best quarrels
In the heate are curst by those that feele their sharpenesse.
The question of *Cordelia* and her father
Requires a fitter place,
Alb. Sir by your patience,
I hold you but a subiect of this warre, not as a brother.
Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinkes our pleasure should haue beene demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediate may well stand vp,
And call it selfe your brother.
Gon. Not so hot: in his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your aduancement.
Reg. In my right by me inuested, he compeers the best.
Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Reg. Iesters do oft proue Prophets.

Gonor.

Gon. Hola, hola, that eye that told you so, looke but a squint.
Reg. Lady I am not well, else I should answer
From a full flowing stomacke. Generall,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Witnesse the world, that I create thee heere
My Lord and master.
Gon. Meane you to enioy him then?
Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.
Bast. Nor in thine Lord.
Alb. Halfe blooded fellow, yes.
Bast. Let the drum strike, and proue my title good.
Alb. Stay yet, heare reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee
On capitall treason; and in thine attaint,
This gilded Serpent: for your claime faire sister,
I bare it in the interest of my wife,
Tis she is subcontracted to her Lord,
And I her husband contradict the banes.
If you will marry, make your loue to me,
My Lady is bespoke. Thou art arm'd Gloster,
If none appeare to proue vpon thy head,
Thy hainous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge, Ile proue it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sicke, o sicke.
Gon. If not, Ile nere trust poyson.
Bast. Ther's my exchange, what in the world he is,
That names me traitor, villain-like he lyes,
Call by thy Trumpet, he that dares approach
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmely.
Alb. A Herald ho.
Bast. A herald ho, a herald.
Alb. Trust to thy single vertue, for thy soldiers
All leuied in my name, haue in my name tooke their discharge.
Reg. This sickneſſe growes vpon me.
Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my tent,